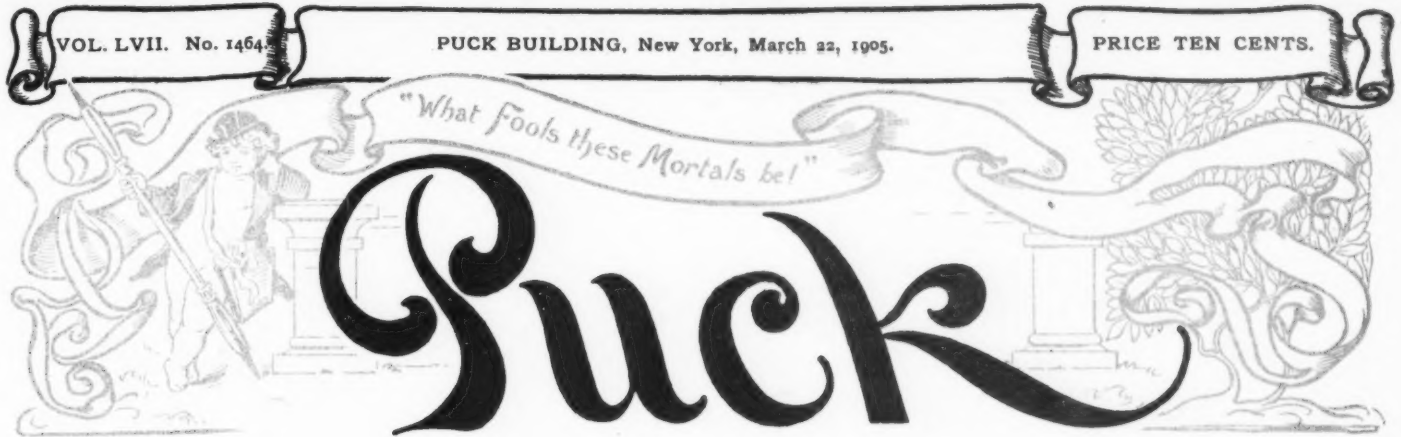
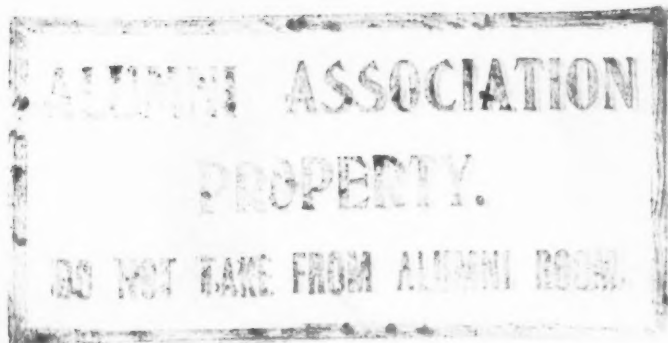


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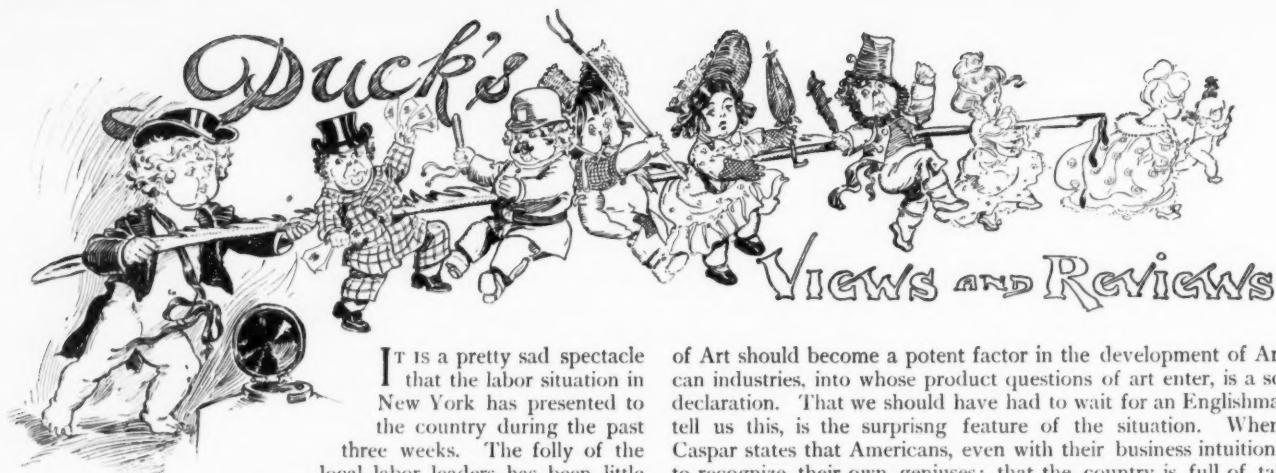


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A KANSAS DAVID IN THE FIELD.



IT is a pretty sad spectacle that the labor situation in New York has presented to the country during the past three weeks. The folly of the local labor leaders has been little short of amazing. It is inconceivable that

any single man, or body of men could so blindly invite the inevitable condemnation of pretty nearly every thinking mind in so vast a community as this; or that it should ever occur to them that their own contempt for public comfort could do anything but destroy whatever latent sympathy for them and their cause there might rest in the public mind. They seem deliberately to have gone out of their way to prove themselves untrustworthy as regards not only the interests committed to their care by their followers, but also as regards their own recorded word accepted in good faith, but apparently given without due sense of man's responsibility for a solemn promise. They stand convicted of having violated their written agreement with their employers; of having without cause inflicted immeasurable discomfort and injury upon a public always disposed to regard their claims to consideration with generous favor; to have been utterly careless in the face of no real grievance to stir them into action even of the lives of the people in whose service they have earned their daily bread. Puck does not believe that the bulk of the workers on the traction lines of this City are men who would willingly make themselves responsible for so contemptuous an attitude toward the rights of others. Puck does believe that the rank and file of the toilers in every branch of human endeavor here and elsewhere are honest, straightforward, sincere men, as solicitous of their honor as any other body of men of principle, as desirous as any of doing their work as well as it can be done, of earning their wage to the full, and of pursuing their respective vocations without interruptions which inconvenience thousands and bring nothing but woe and misery upon themselves, their wives and their children. The trouble is not with them, and in the present misfortunes which have come upon them through their loyalty to rascally leaders they have to a certain extent the sympathy of their fellow-men, but for these imbecile leaders who have lead them into this folly there is a feeling that is deeper than contempt. The unrighteousness of the latter has aroused an indignation which is so deep-seated as to threaten even the principle of Unionism itself. Their abuse of power, their cynical indifference to every consideration which actuates men of principle, their supreme egotism based upon brute force and immeasurably removed from all ideals of honor in human conduct cannot be reprehended too severely.



Our advice to these wickedly led sufferers, the sum total of whose recent departures from the paths of principle amounts to their themselves being added to the ranks of the idle, is that they publicly repudiate these men who have made a by-word of their integrity, and in such terms that their shafts of scorn shall surely pierce the rhinoceros hides of the offenders. Men like Jencks and Pepper should be made to feel that there is no place in any kind of human society for them or their like.

It would be surprising if an Englishman were to prove himself one of the best Americans in the world, but that is what Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the newly appointed director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, bids fair to do if we may judge of his future performance by his present utterances. It is a long time since we have had from any man of public, or semi-public position, so clear and sane a statement of principles which should be guiding in the direction of public institutions as that which has recently come from the newly-appointed director. That the Metropolitan Museum

of Art should become a potent factor in the development of American industries, into whose product questions of art enter, is a sound declaration. That we should have had to wait for an Englishman to tell us this, is the surprising feature of the situation. When Sir Caspar states that Americans, even with their business intuition, fail to recognize their own geniuses; that the country is full of talent; that some of the best artists in Europe are American born, but that Americans demand that they shall be hallmarked in England or in Europe before they will pay American prices for their work, he plainly states a sad but simple fact that is not at all creditable to our people. When he adds that the fine arts should be fully developed here, not simply for art's sake, but with a view to their application to the industries, he makes an appeal to our pride through our commercial interests that proves him to be a diplomat as well as a sound thinker, and he backs his utterance by emphasizing the fact that, as an instance, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, there are no patterns of furniture for American manufacturers to study, and in other departments, such as ceramics, textiles, gold, silver, bronze, and ironsmiths' works, the museum is very deficient. "I found foreign art everywhere I went in the United States," said Sir Caspar, in conclusion. "But I hope the day will come when American art will be most sought after by Americans." To which Puck appends a cordial Amen. But is n't it a pity that it was left to a foreigner to tell us this convincingly. What a shame it is that there is no place among our statesmen for one who has so clear a vision and the temper to tell us in lucid terms what our precise shortcomings are. Lacking the power to "see ourself's as others see us," we account it a fortunate thing that there has been chosen for so important a post a sane observer from the outside to point out to us a few of the things that we might have seen for ourselves if we had permitted our vision to range beyond the horizon line of the dollar.



As a messenger of hope to the afflicted Puck begs his readers to cheer up. Lawson, he of Frenzied Finance fame, is beginning to apologize and it is fair to assume that the end is in sight. To those of you who do not want to break off too suddenly, try Henry James instead. If you will begin the Golden Bowl on leaving off Frenzied Finance about half way through the first volume you will find it quite as good a continuation of Lawson's story as any other, especially if you read it backwards.

It is suggested by a reader of Puck that a revised Decalogue be provided for use in the financial world, containing the commandment "Thou shalt do no Merger." It is not a bad idea, and room can easily be made for it in the Decalogue as it stands at present. There seem to be several of the commandments that our financiers can get along without and not lose their grip on the currency. Notably the eighth and the tenth.

Mrs. Chadwick has been tried at last and has not been found wanting in a certain quality of guilt which the prosecuting attorneys endeavored to fasten upon her. She will now spend a few years in that kind of security to which she seems most entitled. Perhaps it would be the refinement of cruelty to imprison her in the Safe Deposit Vaults of the Oberlin National Bank, and to endeavor to recoup the fallen fortunes of that institution by charging a small admission fee for the morbidly inclined who might be willing to go there to feast their eyes upon so notorious a person. We suggest it however to the Ohio authorities as possibly a more profitable disposition of the lady than that of sending her to an ordinary penitentiary.





# PUCK



## WISDOM.

"And you think the good die young?"  
"They do if they're wise!"

## COMPARISONS.

"You ought to have been here last night, Squire," said Hi Spry, addressing the Old Codger, whose rheumatism had kept him from attending the previous evening's session of the Sit and Argue Club. "Professor Twiggs told us that if a single drop of water was magnified to the dimensions of the earth, its molecules would look like a heap of 9,556,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tennis balls. Must have taken him three or four hours to figger it all out. Tell ye what; a college education makes a man mighty smart."



## JUST THE PLACE.

"Where had you thought of stoppin', Silas?"  
"Why, I dunno, Hepsy. They told me the Bug House was a nice, quiet place."

young dragons, and the chimney of the house swagged to the eastward, and the wife he had sworn to love and cherish—I recollect when she was as pretty a girl as there was in the whole county—was tryin' to fasten a leather hinge on to the old drunken gate and was dividing her time impartially between hitting the nail and her fingers with the hammer. Eh-yah!—I sh'u'd judge if the brain of the average professor was enlarged to the size of a full-grown union depot, his bump of horse-sense would be found to be about the size of the head of a pin!"

## LOVE.

KNICKER.—A fool and his money are very soon parted.  
BOCKER.—Yes; but it's awfully hard to part two fools without any money.



## ALONG THE HIGHWAY.

GROCCER.—Be that an auto out in front o' the store thar, Ezzy?  
Boy.—I dunno, sir. I god such a cold I cadt smell nothink.

THE people who think they can accomplish things merely by pushing hard generally have to be fished out of the wreckage sooner or later.

**MRS. RAFFLES**  
**BEING THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR CRACKSWOMAN**  
 NARRATED BY BUNNY  
 Edited By **JOHN KENDRICK BANGS**



XII.

THE LAST ADVENTURE.

I AM bathed in tears. I have tried to write of my sensations, to tell the story of the Last Adventure of Mrs. Van Raffles in lucid terms, but though my pen runs fast over the paper the ink makes no record of the facts. My woe is so great and so deep that my tears falling into the ink pot turn it into a fluid so thin it will not mark the paper, and when I try the pencil the words are scare put down before they're blotted out. And yet with all this woe I find myself a multi-millionaire—possessed of sums so far beyond my wildest dreams of fortune that my eye can scarce take in the breadth of all the figures. My dollars coined into silver, placed on top of each other, would form a bullion tower that would reach higher into the air than fifteen superimposed domes of St. Peter's placed on top of seventeen spires of Trinity on the summit of Mount Blanc. In five pound notes laid side by side they'd suffice to paper every scrap of bed-room wall in all the Astor Houses in the world, and invested in Amalgamated Copper they would turn the System green with envy—and yet I am not happy. My well beloved Henriette's last adventure has turned my fortune into bitterest gall, and plain unvarnished wormwood forms the finish of my interior for she is gone! I, amid the splendor of my new found possessions, able to keep not one but a hundred motor-cars, and to pay the Chauffeur's fines, to endow Chairs in Universities, to build libraries in every Hamlet in the land from Podunk to Richard Mansfield, to eat three meals a day and lodge at the St. Regicide, and to evade my taxes without exciting suspicion, am desolate and forlorn, for, I repeat, Henriette has gone! The very nature of her last adventure by a successful issue has blown out the light of my life.

*She has stolen Constant-Scrappe!*

If I could be light of heart in this tragic hour I would call this story the Adventure of the Lifted Fiancé, but that would be so out of key with my emotions that I cannot bring myself to do it. I must content myself with a narration of the simple facts of the lengths

to which my beloved's ambition lead her, without frivolity and with a heavy heart.

Of course you know what all Newport has known for months that the Constant-Scrappees were seeking divorce, not that they loved each other less, but that both parties to the South Dakota suit loved some one else more. Colonel Scrappe had long been the most ardent admirer of Mrs. Gushington-Andrews and Mrs. Constant-Scrappe's devotion to young Harry de Lakwitz had been at least for two seasons evident to any observer with half an eye. Gushington-Andrews had considerably taken himself out of the way by eloping to South Africa with Tottie Dimpleton of the Frivolity Burlesquers, and Harry de Lakwitz's only recorded marriage had been annulled by the courts because at the time of his wedding to the forty year old housemaid of the Belleville Boarding School for Boys at Skidgeway, Rhode Island, he was only fifteen years of age. Consequently they both were eligible, and provided the Constant-Scrappees could be so operated on by the laws of South Dakota as to free them from each other, there were no valid reasons why the yearnings of these ardent souls should not all be gratified. Indeed both engagements had been announced tentatively, and only the signing of the decree releasing the Constant-Scrappees from their obligations to each other now stood in the

way of two nuptial ceremonies which would make four hearts beat as one. Mrs. Gushington-Andrews' trousseau was ready, and that of the future Mrs. de Lakwitz had been ordered, both ladies had received their engagement rings when that inscrutable Henriette marked Constant-Scrappe for her own. Col. Scrappe had returned from Monte Carlo having broken the bank twice, and Henriette had met him at a little dinner given in his honor by Mrs. Gushington-Andrews. He turned out to be a most charming man, and it didn't require a much more keen perception than my own to take in the fact that he had made a great impression upon Henriette, though she never mentioned it to me until the final blow came. I merely noticed a growing pre-occupation in her manner and in her attitude toward me which changed perceptibly.

"I think, Bunny," she said to me one morning as I brought her marmalade and toast, "that considering our relations to each other you should not call me Henriette. After all, you know, you are here primarily as my butler, and there are some proprieties that should be observed even in this

Newport atmosphere."

"But," I protested, "am I no more than that? I am your partner, am I not?"

"You are my business partner—not my social, Bunny," she said. "We must not mix society and business. In this house I am mistress of the situation; you are the butler—that is the precise condition, and I think it well that hereafter you should recognise the real truth and avoid over-familiarity by addressing me as Mrs. Van Raffles. If we should ever open an office for our Burglary Company in New York or elsewhere you may call me anything you please there. Here, however, you must be governed by the etiquette of your environment. Let it be Mrs. Van Raffles hereafter."

"And is it to be Mr. Bunny?" I inquired sarcastically.

Her response was a cold glance of the eye and a majestic sweep from the room.

That evening Colonel Scrappe called, ostensibly to look over the house and as landlord to see if there was anything he could do to make it more comfortable, and I, blind fool that I was for the moment, believed that that was his real errand, and ventured to remind Henriette of the leak in the roof, at which they both, I thought, exchanged amused glances, and he gravely mounted the stairs to the top of the house to look at it. On our return Henriette dismissed me and told me that she would not require my services again

during the evening. Even then my suspicions were not aroused, although there was a dull disturbed feeling about my heart whose precise causes I could not define. I went to the Club and put in a miserable evening, returning home about midnight to discover that Colonel Scrappe was still there. He was apparently giving the house and its contents a thorough inspection, for when I arrived Henriette was testing the fifty thousand dollar piano in the drawing-room for him with a brilliant rendering of "O Promise Me." What decision they reached as to its tone and quality I never knew, for in spite of my hints on the subject Henriette never spoke of the matter to me. I



They were testing the piano.

suppose I should have begun to guess what was

happening under my very nose then, but thank heaven I am not of a suspicious nature, and although I didn't like the looks of things the inevitable meaning of their strange behavior never even dawned upon my mind. Even when two nights later Colonel Scrappe escorted Henriette home at midnight from a Lecture on the Inscrutability of Sartor Resartus at Mrs. Gushington-Andrews's it did not strike me as unusual, although, instead of going home immediately as most escorts do under the circumstances, he remained about two hours testing that infernal piano again and with the same old tune.

Then the Automobile rides began, and pretty nearly every morning, long before polite society was awake, Colonel Scrappe and Henriette took long runs together through the country in her Mercedes machine, for what purpose I never knew, for whatever interest the Colonel might have had in our welfare as a landlord I could not for the life of me guess how it could be extended to our automobiles. One thing I did notice however was a growing coldness between Henriette and Mrs. Gushington-Andrews. The latter came to a card-party at Bolivar Lodge one afternoon about two weeks after Colonel Scrappe's return, and her greeting to her hostess instead of having the old time effusiveness was frigid to a degree. In fact when they clasped



# PUCK

hands I doubt if more than the tips of their fingers touched. Moreover, Mrs. Gushington-Andrews hitherto considered one of the best fists at Bridge or Hearts in the 400, actually won the Booby prize, which I saw her throw into the street when she departed. It was evident something had happened to disturb her equanimity.

My eyes were finally opened by a remark made at the Club by Digby, Reggie Van Pelt's valet, who asked me how I liked my new boss, and whose explanation of the question led to a complete revelation of the true facts in the case. Everybody knew he said that from the moment she had met him Mrs. Van Raffles had set her cap for Colonel Scrappe, and that meeting her for the first time he had fallen head over heels in love with her even in the presence of his fiancée. Of course I hotly denied Digby's insinuations, and we got so warm over the discussion that when I returned home that night I had two badly discolored eyes, and Digby—well Digby did n't go home at all. Both of us were suspended from the Gentleman's Club for four weeks for ungentlemanly behavior in consequence. Black as my eyes were, however, I was on hand at the breakfast table the following morning, and of course Henriette observed my injuries.

"Why Bunny!" she cried. "What is the meaning of this? Have you been fighting?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Van Raffles," I returned sarcastically, "I've just strained my eyes reading the divorce news from South Dakota."

She gave a sudden start.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, her face flushing hotly.

"You know well enough what I mean," I retorted angrily. "Your goings on with Colonel Scrappe are the talk of the town, and I got these eyes in a little discussion of your matrimonial intentions. That's all."

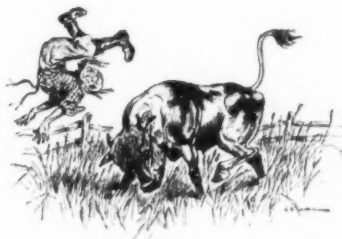
"Leave the room instantly," she cried, rising and haughtily pointing to the door. "You are insufferable."

But the color in her cheeks showed that I had hit home far harder than she was willing to admit. There was nothing for me to do but to obey meekly, but my blood was up, and instead of moping in my room I started out to see if I could find Constant-Scrappe. My love for Henriette was too deep to permit of my sitting quietly by and seeing another walk away with the one truly coveted prize of my life, and I was ready on sight to take the Colonel by the collar—he was only a Governor's Staff Colonel anyhow and consequently no great shakes as a fighter—and throw him into the Harbor, but my quest was a vain one. He was to be found in none of his familiar haunts, and I returned to Bolivar Lodge. And then came the shock. As I approached the house I saw the Colonel assisting Henriette into the motor-car, and in response to the Chauffeur's "where to, sir," I heard Scrappe reply in an excited undertone:

## WITH THE USUAL TO ELLA WHEELER.

SO MANY "stars"; so many "leads";  
So many advertising ways,  
When just the art of writing plays  
Is all the show world needs.

Channing Pollock.



A BULL MOVEMENT  
IN WHEAT.

## AN INNOVATION.

KELLY.—Phwat are ye on  
sthrike for?

KERRIGAN.—Shorter hours.

KELLY.—But ye wor only  
wurrakin' eight hours a day.

KERRIGAN.—But they wor  
sixty-minute hours;—we're  
sthrikin' for fifty-five-minute wans.

NATURAL instincts do not tell a  
man what ought to be done  
nearly so often as his friends do.



In affluent misery.

"To New York—and damn the speed laws."

In a moment they had rushed by me like the flash of a lightning express and Henriette was gone!

You must know the rest. The papers the next day were full of the elopement in high life. They told how the Scrappe divorce had been granted at five o'clock in the afternoon the day before, how Colonel Scrappe and Mrs. Van Raffles had sped to New York in the automobile and been quietly married at the Little Church Around the Corner, and were now sailing down the bay on the Hydrostatic bound for foreign climes. They likewise intimated that a very attractive lady of more than usual effusiveness of manner, whose nuptials were expected soon to be published for the second time, had gone to a Sanitarium in Philadelphia to be treated for a sudden and overwhelming attack of nervous hysteria.

It was all too true, that tale. Henriette's final coup had been successful, and she had at one stroke stolen her landlord, her landlady's husband, and her neighbor's fiancé. To console me she left this note written on board of the steamer and mailed by the pilot.

ON BOARD THE HYDROSTATIC,  
OFF SANDY HOOK, Sept. 10, 1904.

Dear Bunny:

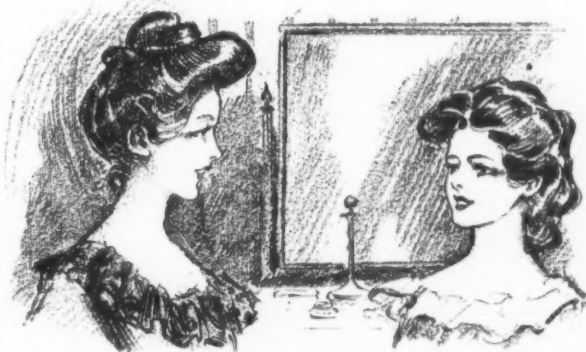
I could n't help it. The minute I saw him I felt that I must have him. It's the most successful haul yet and is the last adventure I shall ever have. He's worth forty million dollars. I'm sorry for you, dear, but it's all in the line of business. To console you I have left in your name all that we have won together in our partnership at Newport—\$14,563,977 in cash, and about \$3,000,000 in jewels which you must negotiate carefully. Good bye, dear Bunny, I shall never forget you, and I wish you all the happiness in the world. With the funds now in your possession why not retire—go home to England and renew your studies for the Ministry? The Church is a noble profession. Sincerely yours,

HENRIETTE VAN RAFFLES-SCRAPPE.

I have gathered together these meagre possessions—rich in bullion value, but meagre in happiness considering all that might have been, and tomorrow I sail for London. There, following Henriette's advice, I shall enter the study of the Ministry, and when I am ordained shall buy a living somewhere and settle down to the serene existence of the preacher, the pastor of a flock of human sheep.

My misery is deep but I am buoyed up by one great hope in every thought.

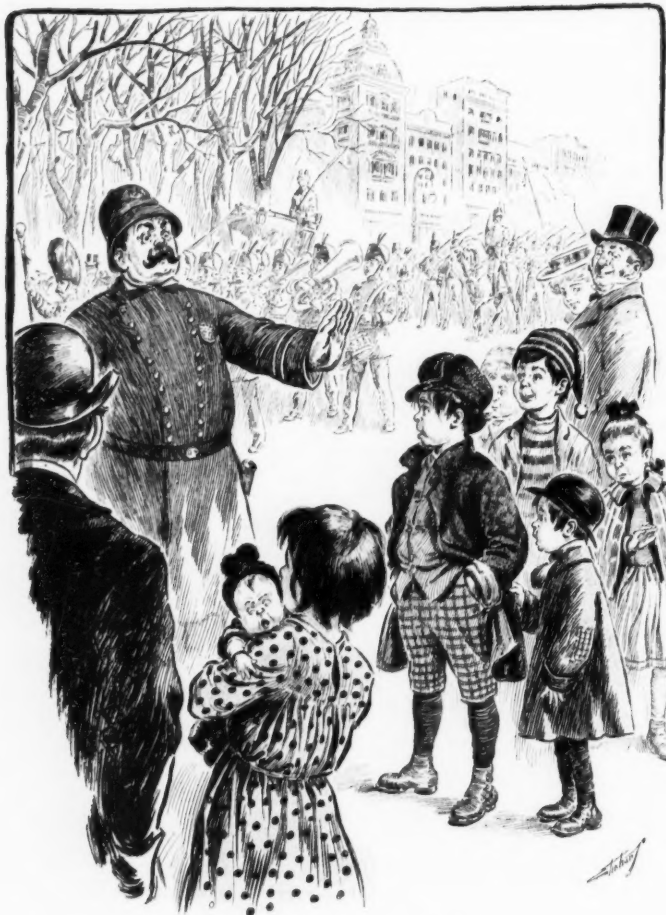
These Newport marriages are so seldom for life that I yet have hope that some day Henriette will be restored to me without its necessarily involving any serious accident to her husband the Colonel.



## THEIR PEDIGREE.

ETHEL.—Poor Jack! He is going to the dogs.

EDITH.—Yes, and the dogs he is going to now are the great-grandpuppies of the dogs he originally went to.



JUSTLY INDIGNANT.

POLICEMAN.—Fall back, there! Fall back!  
 BOY (*scoffingly*).—G'wan! D'ye tink we're Rooshians!

SPRING SONG FROM DIXIE.



IS' SPRING she stays in Dixie Lan'  
 When all de Noff 's a blizzahd;  
 She sprinkles sweet on ebby han'  
 En wakes up frog en lizahd.  
 She puts de blossoms on de trees  
 En fills de hills wid clovah;  
 En den she blows a honey breeze  
 To tell det Wintah's ovah.

"Do stay, Miss Spring," ol' Dixie say,  
 "Foh when yu go et 's Summah;  
 Yu put de sweetness in de hay  
 En wake de long-beak hummah."

So det 's de bes' ob libben Souf,  
 De weddeh seems so pleasin';  
 Red strawberries in yo' mouf  
 While all de Noff am freezin'  
 De robin-red-breast strut so fine,  
 'De sof' crab 's in de rivah;  
 While up pas' Mason-Dixon's line  
 De folks still shake en shivah.

Oh, cum down Souf when blizzahds blow,  
 De lan' ob sweet en plenty;  
 When we dess hab one day ob snow,  
 De folks up Noff hab twenty.

Victor A. Hermann.

ALMOST all girls may get to know what kissing is like. Where they are too lean to be luscious, they often excel in amateur theatricals.

**The modern stoic is the man who can take unpalatable advice as cheerfully as it is given.**

WISE PA.

MA.—Did you tell Edythe that you would disinherit her if she married that Italian count?

PA.—No. I told the count.

THE TIME.

MRS. McLUBBERTY.—Phwat toime is ut, Murty? Dhe clock stopped dhe-day.

MCLUBBERTY (*looking at his watch*).—Noime o'clock, me dear.

"Whoy, Oi t'ought ut was tin, at laste!"

"Ut 's niver more dhan noime o'clock at dhis toime in dhe ave-nin'."

WHEN any girl over five feet tall and weighing 110 pounds tries to be cute, she may as well realize that spiteful people are saying things about her that are not pretty.

IF we were as credulous about other people and things as we are about ourselves the supply of gold bricks could n't keep up with the demand.



A "PLAIN CLOTHES" MAN.



FINAL.

MISTAH JOHNSING.—Can't yo' gib me no hope, Liza?

MISS JACKSON.—Once an' fo' all, Mistah Johnsing, I tells yo' I won't be no man's cullud supplement.



Guam  
Edition

# The Daily Puck

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY

Night  
Extra  
9 A. M.

VOL. 1.

MARCH 22, 1905.

NO. 2.

## THE COURT.

**REPORTED ILLNESS OF LORD ADMIRAL MORTON A CANARD — CAYENNE CARAMELS FOR RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR — PHILADELPHIA EDITORS IN PERIL.**

THE Emperor yesterday issued instructions to the Weather Bureau to let Spring begin, and to continue the month of April on the Calendar as



Admiral Morton in a blow.

usual. It has not yet been decided whether May or June will follow, but the chances are that for the present there will be no change.

It is a Court Secret that Prince Kermit is preparing a box of caramels stuffed with cayenne pepper and marshmallows filled with cotton to be sent to the Russian Ambassador on the first of April.

Charles, Marquis of Fairbanks, called upon the Emperor yesterday but was received by the Equerries of the Imperial Saddleries, the Emperor at the time being engaged in the study of Jiu Jitsu with Mr. Tackawhacca, the Japanese Envoy.

The report that Lord High Admiral Morton is prostrated with sea-sickness, as a result of a midnight canoe trip on the Potomac with the Emperor, is a malicious falsehood. Admiral Morton is a staunch sailor, as those who have crossed the North River with him on a ferry-boat can readily attest.

Count Von Pennypacker, Vice Roy of Pennsylvania, has requested the Emperor's permission to hang sixteen Philadelphia Editors, and boil two cartoonists in oil for the crime of lese Pennypacker. The request has been referred to the Emperor's Attorney-General, Lord Moody of Massachusetts, with power.

A general order has been sent to the Vice Regal Court at Utah stating that while the Emperor will be glad to receive the Dukes and Princes of Salt Lake City they must not bring more than one of their Duchesses or Princesses at one time. This rule will be vigorously enforced during the reign of Theodore the First.

**ARE YOU GROWING OLD? TRY OSLERINE. ONE DOSE DOES IT.—Adv.**

## THE WAR.

**HOCKEY SKATES FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY — SPECIAL BATTLE ON THE SHANKE RIVER — SHERLOCK HOLMES SUMMONED BY THE CZAR.**

Five hundred thousand pairs of Hockey Skates have been sent by the War Department at St. Petersburg to General Kuropatkin to be used by the Army in case its retreat northward is continued over the Arctic Sea.

The loss of the Russian left wing before Mukden has not prevented the main army from flying before the advance of Marshal Oyama.

London *Punch*, which through its many correspondents in the field has exceptional opportunities for observing conditions, will say to-morrow that the Fall of Port Arthur was not half so terrible as the Winter of Mukden.

Advices from Tokio state that General Kuropatkin's Christmas Dinner at Yokohama has been canned and will be sent to him C. O. D. with the Mikado's compliments.

The Tzar has summoned Sherlock Holmes to St. Petersburg in the hope that the famous detective will be able to locate the Russian front. When this is definitely found the Tzar proposes to go to it in person for rest and relaxation.

The Third Baltic Fleet has been ordered to Carlsbad for its health.

A special battle will be fought on the banks of the Shanke River next Sunday morning by selected regiments from the Russian and Japanese armies for the benefit of a New York Cinematograph Company which needs the pictures for the Proctor Vaudeville Circuit. All officers will appear in full uniform.

The scouts of General Oyama report a great Force off Sun-y-jimm. It is supposed to be the advance guard of the commissariat corps under General Jindumpski, but has not yet been fully identified.

## THE BALTIC FLEET.

(By Cable to the Daily Puck.)

LHASA, Tibet, March 22.—The Third Baltic Fleet touched here last night. Admiral Rojevski was sober.

## DIVORCED.

JONES—JONES. On Tuesday, March 21st, suddenly at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, by Hon. J. P. Cuttum, Chief Judge, Maria Jane, daughter of Hendrick V. Smiley of Newport, from Henry Tomlinson Jones, Esq., of New York. Palm Beach papers please copy.

BOLIVAR—BOLIVAR. On Sunday, March 19, after a lingering matrimonial career, of acute incompatibility, Henry Batterson Bolivar, beloved husband of and from Susan Harkins Bolivar. Congratulatory services held at his late residence, Sioux Falls, Monday, March 25. Please omit flowers.

DEXTER—DEXTER. At Newport, Saturday, March 18th, Henriette Perkins Dexter from Hezekiah B. Dexter, in the 27th year of her age. Testimony private.

**ARE YOU UNHAPPILY MARRIED? TRY MEREDITH'S SHORT TERM MATRIMONIAL BONDS.—Adv.**

## THE STREET.

**WILL THE TZAR BUY THE CONSTITUTION? — NEW EDITION GOLD BRICKS — CHIVALRY DEAD IN WALL STREET.**

J. P. Morgan and Company have opened negotiations with the Tzar of Russia for the purchase of the United States Constitution which His Majesty desires to present to his people next Christmas.

By a vote of 77 to 6 the members of the Stock Exchange have decided that politeness does not require them to give up their seats on the Exchange to ladies who may happen to be standing. Oh, Wall Street, where is thy chivalry!

Winter Wheat is promising. Out of 67,583,423 bushels already sold seven and a half pecks have been successfully planted.

Cotton in the ear shows a listless market.

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad hangs at 157½ in spite of the report that Members of the Legislature have been paying their own fare since January 1st. This is due to a suspicion that the cash involved may not have been real money.

The demand for United States Treasury Notes of the one-dollar denomination still holds strong. The latest quotation is par.

Messrs. Soakem, Good & Hard announce a new edition of American Gold Brick Bonds on deckled edge paper, and signed in red ink by the author. The third edition has gone to press, but will not be ready until Easter. The Annual Report shows an increase in assets of one large mahogany desk in the President's office, and a blonde stenographer aged 23.



Photo By Peck  
EAST MAIN ST.

The Lost Lamb.

Central office has been asked to locate a Lamb who appeared on Wall Street last week and walked away with \$50,000 profits under the very eyes of the System. The cash has been located in the National Municipal Bank and attached, but the man himself has escaped. We print his photograph to aid in identification.



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RSIONS OF HIGH SOCIETY.

L. OFFICE AT MRS. GASTER'S BALL.

# PUCK



## Puck's Alphabet.

**T** IS for Turkey—he's Lord of the Roost,  
The King of the Gobblers, with Eloquence loosed.  
He's nifty and chesky, his temper's ne'er ruffled,  
E'en though you suggest that with chestnuts he's stuffed.  
He graces all tables, his wit it is fine,  
His jokes are well seasoned, his motto: Ich Dine.



## ANOTHER GOOD GAG GONE.

(MUSIC BY DE WOLF HOPPER.)

[The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company is to spend \$12,000,000 on new equipment. — News Item.]



**H**OW OFTEN at the mummies' show  
That gag about the B. and O.  
(O witicism old and hoary)  
Has tried our powers eachinnatory!

When the lean comic comes to show  
Himself between the acts, we know  
That from his lips will surely flow  
That quip about the B. and O.

Lives there a mine who has not sprung it?  
An opera lead who has not sung it?  
Lives there a man who does not know  
That jest about the B. and O? —  
The crooked, creaking, ancient, slow,  
Bumpity-bumpity B. and O.

O Road of Thespis, "Only Way,"  
I personally cannot say  
Whether the joke be false or true:  
I've never chanced to ride on you;  
Whereas the mummer bath. Indeed,  
Whate'er his geographic need —  
Whether he jump from Idaho  
To Florida; from Mexico

To Maine; from San Antonio  
To Albuquerque or Antigo;  
From Keokuk to Kokomo —  
He always takes the B. and O

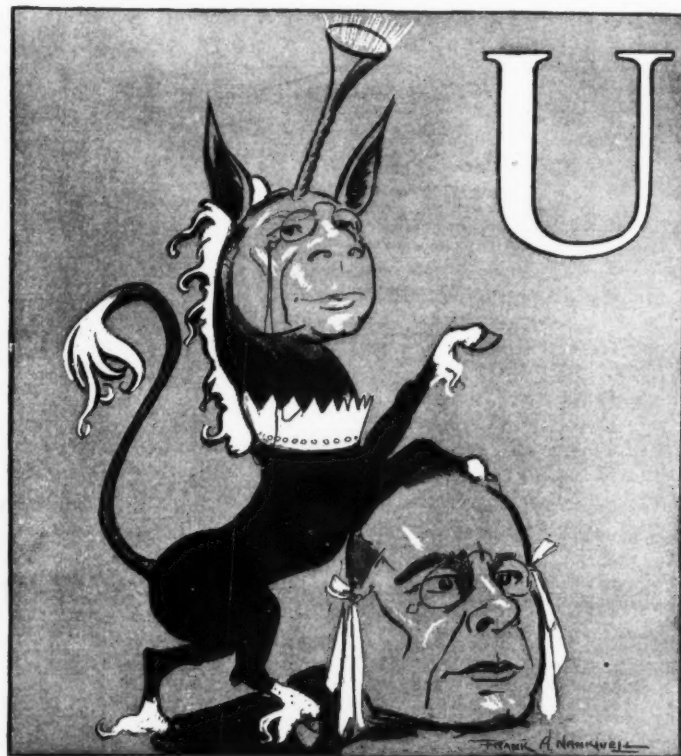
Turnpike of Thespis, can it be  
That millions will be spent on thee! —  
Thy spavins fired wherever found,  
Thy rails made flat and wheels made round,  
Thy curves made straight, thy bumps removed,  
And thee in every way improved.

Alas, how comic plays will drag  
Without that merry, merry gag.  
That screaming, house-with-laughter-filler,  
One joke unknown to Joseph Miller,  
That dear old *jeu d'esprit, bon mot*,  
Which first provoked our laughter, oh,  
So many, many years ago —  
That gag about the B. and O.

The general temper of the *New York Tribune's* dramatic criticism suggests that our estimable friends of Park Row have got hold of Shakespeare's old man "the Winter of our Discontent."

The truth about Mr. Metcalfe's entrance into Mr. Hammerstein's temple of Vaudeville is that the ostracized critic was substituted for Dida in the tank from which the Magician produces beautiful maidens and things like that in full view of the audience.

Dr. Osler is to be dramatized into a melodrama called "Chloroformed at Sixty." The leading character will be a lively old pugilist of that age who knocks all comers out in one round except Old Mortality himself who asphyxiates him in the sixth act. The old man is aptly named "Superfluous Lags."



## Puck's Alphabet.

**U** IS the Unicorn, mighty rare bird,  
His field's a good man's field, or so I have heard.  
Sometimes on the rampage he goes and his voice  
Is heard sixty miles with its terrible noise.  
He blows his own horn, though he does n't abuse it.  
If a bird has a horn, pray why should n't he use it?



# Purity

above everything—  
distinguishes Schlitz Beer from  
the common.

There's a difference, of course,  
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bad, trial is the test  
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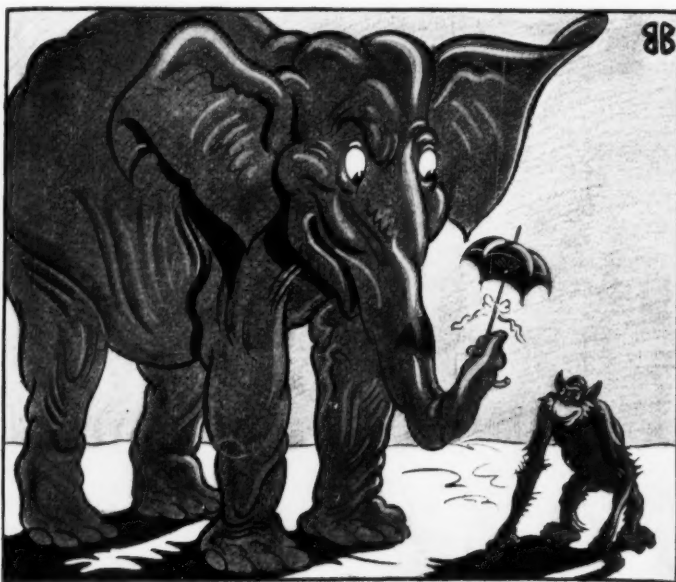
# WILSON WHISKEY

## THAT'S ALL !

PRAYER may save Philadelphia, as optimists hope. But it stacks up against a stiff opponent in the stuffed ballot box.

THE PROPHET Dowie is to transplant Zion, or part of it, from Chicago to Mexico. How would it do to Zionize Panama and permit the Dowieites to dig the canal?

A FEW MORE Subway strikes in New York are likely to improve the digestion of the Knickerbockers, many of whom, lacking the nine dollars necessary for the hiring of a cab for twenty minutes, have been compelled to get down town under their own power.



## A SAFEGUARD.

THE MONK.—Hello! What are you carrying that parasol for?

MISS ELL.—Why, to keep my nose from being sun-burned, to be sure.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.

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taste prefer

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as much because they are obliged  
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Czar will find there is nothing better  
than paregoricski and epicacovitch.

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Everyone admires a clear  
complexion. It's an open  
secret that Pears' Soap  
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health to millions of fair  
faces.

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Send  
20c. for Silk,  
25c. for Cotton,  
Sample Pair.

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Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

RUSSIA'S BEST  
chess player has just  
died. Grief over the  
Czar's bad moves is  
said to have hastened  
his death.

THE JAP generals  
are a conservative  
lot. As yet, not one  
of them has decided  
to eat his Christmas  
dinner in St. Petersburg.

THEY ARE going  
to make a law to  
prevent Slocum horrors. Why not punish  
somebody for the  
Slocum horror with  
the laws already on  
hand?

THE RUSSIAN  
court wants peace,  
but it is said to resent  
any overtures.  
Possibly something  
in the style of a recession, or a post-lude, would strike  
them as more appropriate.



Chalfonte is  
Always Open

## Chalfonte Atlantic City, N. J.

This modern Fireproof House accommodating 600  
was opened July 2, 1904, for its 37th consecutive season,  
after the expenditure of over \$600,000.00 for improvements.

The pavilion with three decks open on all sides  
affords a splendid view of the Boardwalk and Surf, and  
the Loggia and Sun Space on the Tenth Floor command  
the Atlantic Ocean for 20 miles.

The public spaces are numerous, spacious and  
elegant. The chambers are large and well furnished.  
The dining room is light and airy with ample seating  
capacity. The bath rooms have hot and cold sea and  
fresh water. There is a Long Distance Bell Telephone  
in every bed room.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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NOW THAT Uncle  
Joseph Choate is  
back again, public  
dinners will begin  
once more to be  
worth going to.

A MINISTER was  
arrested the other  
day, charged with  
speeding his auto.  
There should be no  
speeding on the  
straight and narrow  
path.

THE time is ripe  
for a traitor, but not  
of the old time kind.  
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that will make his  
name a household  
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said to make good  
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best butters in the  
goat family have  
done their work with  
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PÈRES CHARTREUX**  
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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

THERE AS yet has been no movement to subsidize the Beef Trust.

ARCHIBALD: You have been misinformed. A sea urchin is not a midshipmite. B wins the gin fizz.

HEZEKIAH: We are always pleased to decide a bet. In this case you lose. "Aphrodite" is not an explosive. It is a statue.

No, JOSEPHUS, we do not think Mr. Hearst is an Australian, although we have heard that he is a product of Brisbane.

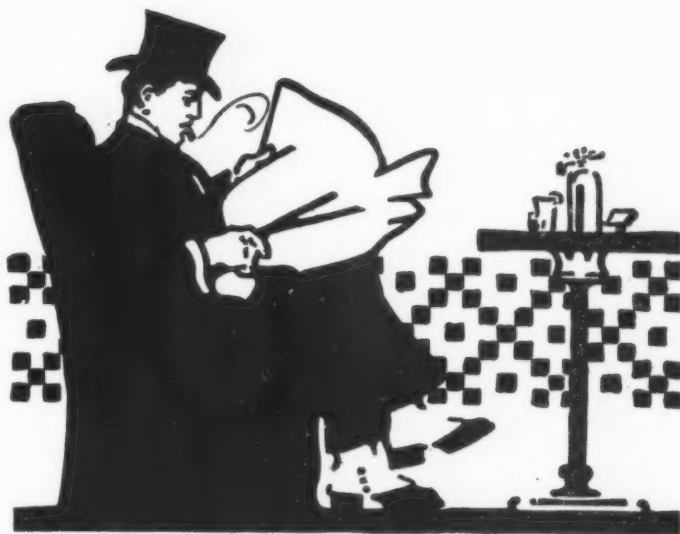
"TIGERS IN the cage." No; it is not a menagerie item. Merely a way of saying that the Princeton base ball team has begun practice.

WHAT IS believed to have been a library has lately been unearthed at ancient Nippur. Among the finds are the six best selling tablets.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS receive the princely emolument of twelve cents per month. No wonder they are more and more disposed to retire.

THE REV. J. M. BUCKLEY remarks that newspapers are "ships that float in at our doors with a cargo of facts, fancy and fabrications." Thus does apt alliteration artfully aid the cause of caustic criticism.

CONTROLLER GROUT is right. The way to relieve the Bridge Crush is "to persuade fewer people to cross the bridge." And Mr. Grout, who is a chronic Brooklynite, might begin the good work by staying home himself.



MURAD CIGARETTES not only fit but actually distinguish the luncheon. Their exquisite flavor is evolved from the rarest growths of Turkish Tobacco by Mr. Allan Ramsay, a world-famous expert, a man who knows.

# MURAD CIGARETTES

make pleasant the pauses between luncheon courses. Most critical tests are these. Leading up to the toothsome entree with a poor cigarette is like having a low comedian to introduce Henry Irving.

**10 for 15 cents**

## "Especially the BUFFALO LITHIA WATER of Virginia."

**For Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and All Diseases Dependent Upon a Uric Acid Diathesis.**

Samuel O. L. Potter, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. P., London, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine in the College Physicians and Surgeons of San Francisco, Cal., in his "Hand-Book of Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Therapeutics," in the citation of remedies under the head of "Chronic Bright's Disease," says: "Mineral waters, especially the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** of Virginia, has many advocates." Also, under "**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**" is highly recommended.

George Halsted Boyland, A. M., M. D., of Paris, Doctor of Medicine, of the Faculty of Paris, in the *New York Medical Journal*, August 22, 1896, says: "There is no remedy as absolutely specific in all forms of Albuminuria and Bright's Disease, whether **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, Spring No. 2, acute or chronic, as **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**, accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of pregnancy, where albumin is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed, the albumin disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions."

T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D., of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have often prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Gouty and Rheumatic conditions and in Renal Calculi, accompanied by Renal Colic, and always with the most satisfactory results. In Renal Calculi, where there is an excess of Uric Acid, it is especially efficacious."

Medical testimony which defies all imputation or question mailed to any address.

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THE BLUE HERON — Say, Pick, how about it? They say you're not in the swim around here.

THE PICKEREL — Aw, they give me a pain in the gills. Just because my father came from the State Fish Hatchery.

For busy men and women — Abbott's Angostura Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator — a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



BACK FENCE GOSSIP.

ONE RESPECTABLE CAT.—Poor Mrs. Mouser! Her husband  
 is so wild. He was seen on the wall with that fresh Miss Tabby  
 the other night.

EQUALLY RESPECTABLE DITTO.—The wretch! I do believe  
 he's leading eighteen lives.

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A scientific remedy which has been  
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"'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life glides by like a song;  
But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead  
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**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
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## PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Wednesday, March 22, 1905.—No. 1464.

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Cor. Houston and Elm Sts., New York.

PUCK takes pleasure in announcing to his readers that he will begin next week the publication of an exceptionally clever new series of stories from the pen of Mr. Arthur Hamilton Folwell, by whom his columns have been much enriched in the past. Mr. Folwell's tales will be twelve in number, and will deal with the life of the flat dweller in this day when so many thousands of us are living like the cliff dwellers of old in the various strata of brick and limestone fronted buildings, each a little world in itself. The range of queer human nature that is to be found in these gatherings of families is as broad as that of life itself, and while, of course, no pen could run the gamut of the human emotions that are found therein, Mr. Folwell touches humorously, and in that kindly spirit which is the essence of true humor upon many of them. The first of the stories is "The Good Flat 'Liza Boggs." It is a quaintly interesting situation that is unfolded in its cause, a conception worthy of the mind of the late Frank Stockton, and all is set forth with a gravity of demeanor that is irresistibly appealing. Puck, who has read the story himself, and found the cockles of his heart the warmer for it, is only too happy to pass it on to his friends and to bespeak for it that cordial welcome to which it is entitled.

Some of the other stories in the series, which, by the way, is to be called "Steam Heated 'Pales," are:

The Fall of the Flat of Pipkin.  
Convenient Mr. Warburton.  
The Tale of the Sensitive Janitor.  
The Haunted Swell Front.

Don't miss them.

Get the Puck habit, and the series will flow like a stream of genial humor through your troubled lives, leaving them by all odds the sweeter and the happier for the smiles it brings.

## MONKS' SECRETS NOT SOLD.

Carthusians Have Not Disposed Of Control Over Liqueurs.

Since the expulsion from France of the Carthusian monks various reports have been circulated as to the disposition of their estates and the secret formula under which

their cordials were made. A report recently cabled from Paris was to the effect that an English syndicate had purchased both and would control the production of the liqueurs.

Inquiry into this report was made by Batjer & Co., the American agents for the Carthusians, and a statement has been issued by the firm declaring it to be unfounded.

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**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

TO TELL THE TRUTH  
**HUDSON**  
THE NATURAL  
**WHISKEY**  
IS BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES.  
THE HAYES BROS. CO. CINCINNATI—E.S.A.

SENATOR HALE doesn't fancy a navy ad infinitum. Its principal object, says he, is to bully small powers. Senator Hale is deplorably shortsighted. If we keep on adding to it, some day we can bully large powers.

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The original school. Recognized by Courts and educators. Hundreds of students in successful practice. We tell you how FREE. Isn't it worth knowing? Write today for special offer. The Sprague-Corcoran School of Law, 408 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

BRUTUS J. CLAY of Richmond will be our new minister to Switzerland; this, it is said, has been his life's ambition. Has Brutus forgotten commencement day, when, with an appropriate gesture, he declared in thrilling tones: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy?"

**GOUT & RHEUMATISM**  
Use the Great English Remedy  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.  
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# A Drama of the Fence.

